THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. *AKENSIDE.*

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ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FIRST CANTO OF TERRIBLE TRACTORATION.

A CONCERN for the literary reputation of our country is one of the least suspicious forms, in which true patriotism displays itself. Whoever feels this concern will not take up a poetical volume, the production of his fellow citizen, but with liveliest emotions. Our country has its character to form. We are yet in our literary infancy, just "lisping in numbers," just pressing with faint and faultering voice, our new and doubtful claim to literature and science. Terrible Tractoration has therefore been read with peculiar interest, and the general sentiment will warrant us in saying, with equal satisfaction.

In commending Christopher Caustic, we are only subscribing to the opinions expressed by the people of another country. To be behind that country in our appreciation of his merits were a stigma; it is very pardonable to go beyond it. National vanity may be a folly; but national ingratitude is a crime. Terrible Tractoration was successful in England on its first appearance, and as yet seems to have lost none of its popularity. It belongs to that class of productions, which have the good fortune to escape what Johnson angrily, but too justly, denominates "the general conspiracy of human nature against contemporary merit." It has already been re-printed the second time. The occasion of the work seems to have been accidental, and its design, originally, nothing more than to ridicule the overglowing zeal, with which certain English physicians persecuted the reputation of Perkin's metallic tractors. But the work grew beneath the author's hand. He found that Quackery was not confined to Medicine.—He traced it with his eye, and followed it with his scourge, into the regions of Philosophy, Natural History, Politics, Morality and poetry; till, in the end, a scanty newspaper essay, grew to be a volume of Satire, on various subjects. In the prosecution of his views the author has confined himself to legitimate means. While pursuing humourous associations he never grows intemperate, immoral or indecorous. On this point he is entitled to every commendation. His wit is neither embittered with the malice of Pindar, nor corrupted with the sensuality of Moore*. The first canto, and that to which all particular remarks in this paper are confined, is entitled OURSELF!—and is, what it should be, a neat and compact description of the design of the first canto. As a fair specimen of the author's manner, we transcribe the eight first lines, which are neither the best nor the worst to be found in it:

From garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The poorest wight that ever sung,
Most gentle Sirs, I come before ye
To tell my lamentable story.
What makes my sorry case the sadder,
I once stood high on Fortune's ladder;
From whence contrive the fickle Jilt did,
That your Petitioner should be tilted.

In despite of the Muses, who, as he chooses to say, refuse to inspire him, he makes himself poetical by inhaling a quantity of Dr. Beddoes' gaseous oxyd of nitrogen. This fancy gives him an opportunity of exercising much raillery on that catholicon. Grown giddy himself by this inhalation, he chooses to consider the poetical giddiness of Southey as produced by the same cause; thence exculpating Apollo from having any share in the inspiration of that poet.

In the following stanza the author contrives to compliment himself, by a pretty successful play upon words; a species of wit, at which an unfortunate attempt creates great disgust.

How these confounded gasses serve us!
But Beddoes says that I am nervous,
And that this oxyd gas of nitre
Is bad for such a nervous writer.

Dr. Anderson, in the "Recreations in Agriculture and Natural Hissory," had said with great gravity, "that the mathematician can demonstrate with the most decisive certainty, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit without communicating motion to it." This important discovery, and others of the same learned Doctor, are very properly ridiculed.

——Could tell how far a careless fly
Might chance to turn this globe awry,
If flitting round, in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

The follies which disgrace the affected lovers of natural history receive no small share of Caustic's derision. It is indeed time, high time that they were hooted from society, loaded with the reprobation and contempt of every man of sense. Among the crowds of men there is no one more despicable, than he who thinks it an object to rear a race of rabbits with one ear; unless it be another, who laments the extinction of a breed of dogs with three legs.

The whimsies of St. Pierre, the deistical and atheistical speculations of Darwin, that heresiarch in poetry and philosophy, and the fooleries of William Godwin, are assaulted in the canto with much spirit and success. There are two schools in religion and literature, as well as in politics. It is gratifying to the disciples of the old, that the author of Tractoration displays wit, and sense, and poetry on its side, against the pride and the

* The writer foresees that he shall be charged with puritanism, for objecting to the delicious verses of the translator of Anacreon. Be it so. In his opinion the author, who cannot please, without endangering the morals of his readers, had better study ethicks, than write poetry. On the restraints which youth, with infinite pains, imposes on its passions, Mr. M. breathes the effusions of licentious ingenuity, and they dissolve like scorched flax. The association of impure, unhallowed sentiments, with the enchanting power of genius and poetry, is one of the most fatal possible combinations against human happiness.

folly, the ridicule and the ribaldry, the pitiable ignorance and the hateful malignity of philosophists, deists, atheists and reformers. He believes that the harvest of infidelity and French Philosophism is sorrow and delusion; that they who sow the wind, shall thereof reap the whirlwind.

The versification of the first canto is uncommonly harmonious. It might be difficult to select, from the same compass of Hudibrastic poetry, more unexceptionable lines. To some of the rhymes, however, astute criticism might object. Description is made to rhyme with subscription; problematic with symptomatic; elated with inoculated. In these cases, the two last syllables of the words, and those which form the rhyme, are not only similar in sound, but precisely the same. Such rhymes may have precedents in books of authority, and in long works it may be difficult to avoid them; but to the ear of the writer of this article they give no delight; and, as no poetry can be neutral, they of course displease. Johnson objects to one of the epitpats of Pope, that light is made to rhyme with night.

Nor can I say that I receive pleasure from rhymes, when the corresponding sounds are farther from the end of the line than the penult syllable. Therefore, when electricity chimes with duplicity, propriety with society, utility with perfectibility, the pleasure arising from similarity of sounds is destroyed. In heroics the rule imperiously fixes the rhyme to the last syllsble. In Hudibrastics, a poet's licence will permit him to vibrate beween the final and the penult. This, it may be said, is catching at small or doubtful errors. Be it so. But unless we can give form and substance to these, we shall cease to be the author's critic, and become his eulogist.

If Terrible Tractoration be considered a satire, it is formed rather after the example of Horace, than of Juvenal and Pope.—There are exceptions, but as a general rule it may be said to be rather a laugh at the follies, than a censorious reproof of the vices of mankind. To the first canto this observation applies strictly. All is gay, pleasant and playful. There is no angry satire in the poetry, no indignant declamation in the notes.

In point of scholarship, the author appears not be deficient. In the phraseology of Burnet, he has "laid out his learning with as much success as he laid it in."

On opening the book one is reminded of the elegant alliterative metaphor of Sheridan, "a neat rivulet of text murmuring through a meadow of margin." This is certainly matter of questionable propriety, but it is the taste of the times. Modern poets determine to be their own commentators, and to leave nothing to the labours of a future Eustathius, Johnson or Wharton. It is more easy to account for this practice, than to justify it. Modern poems, are occasional performances, deriving their incidents from particular occurrances, and full of allusions to particular characters. The knowledge of such incidents and characters, necessarily confined to a small circle, must be generally circulated, before the poem can be read with general pleasure.

The notes, which constitute the bulk of the volume, partake of the spirit of poetry. In general they are sprightly, appropriate and occasionally abounding with poignant irony. It is possible they contain some levities of expression, not unexceptionable, even in this sort of composition. To call the moon "Miss Luna," or the prophetess "Miss Sybil," requires no part of the wit of Christopher Caustic. Such sophomorical associations are made by any body. To speak, too, of a "comet's taking it into its head," is frivolous, if not flat; and so, I imagine, is the imitation of a drunken man, by splitting the words he is made to use. Homer sometimes dozes. On the whole, Terrible Tractoration is a work which does honour to its author, and goes far towards refuting the slanders on American genius.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

This person, who, as a man of eminence, classes rather among the poets than the physicians, was born in 1721 at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where his father was a substantial butcher. He had his early education first at a grammar-school, and then at private academy in Newcastle; and, at the age of eighteen, was sent to the university of Edinburgh, for the purpose of being qualified for a dissenting minister. Here, however, he soon changed his studies for those of physic; and, after continuing three years at Edinburgh, he removed to Leydon for two more, where he took the degree of doctor in 1744. In this year appeared his capital poem "On the Pleasures of the Imigination;" which was received with great applause, and at once raised the author into poetical fame. A proof of the attention it drew, was the notice Mr. (afterwards bishop) Warburton thought proper to take of some prose remarks in it concerning the nature and objects of ridicule: these called forth some severe strictures from that polemic, who, however, did not attack the poetry of the work. An anonymous reply was made to them by Dr. Akenside's very intimate friend Mr. Jeremiah Dyson. This poem was soon followed by a very warm invective against the political apostacy of the celebrated Pulteney, earl of Bath, in an "Epistle to Curio." In 1745 he published 10 odes on different subjects, and in various styles and manners. All these works characterised him as a zealous votary of Grecian philosophy and classical literature, and an ardent lover of liberty. His politics were thonght to incline to republicanism, and his theology to deism; yet William III. was the great object of his praise; and in his ode to Hoadley, and to the author of the Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, he has testified his regard for pure Christianity, and his dislike of attempts to set men free from the restraints of religion.

He continued from time to time to publish his poetical effusions, though in a more leisurely manner. A political ode, addressed to the earl of Huntingdon, came out in 1748; and an ode to the country gentlemen of England, designed to rouse the drooping martial spirit of the nation, in 1758. Most of his remaining poems first appeared in the Dodsley's collection. Of these, the mos considerable is a "Hymn to the Naiads."

With respect to his professional career, it was not highly successful, and affords few incidents worth recording. He settled for a short time at Northampton: then removed to Hampstead, were he resided two years and a half; and finally fixed himself in London. While his practice was small, he was, with uncommon generosity, assisted by his friend Dr. Dyson, with an allowance of 300*l.* per annum. He pursued the regular course to advancement, through the stages of fellow of the Royal Society, physician to St. Thomas' hospital, doctor of physic by mandamus at Cambridge, and fellow of the London college of physicians. He wrote, too, several occasional pieces on medical subjects, all published in the first volume of the Medical Transactions. By these efforts his practice and reputation increased, so that, upon the settlement of the queen's houshold, he was appointed one of her majesty's physicians; though this elevation, not very congenial with his political character, was probably chiefly owing to the influence of Mr. Dyson, who was become a member of administration. It is said that Dr. Akenside had a haughtiness and ostensation of manner which was not calculated to ingratiate him with his brethren of the faculty, or to render him generally acceptable. He died of a putrid fever in June 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His books and prints, of which last he was a curious collector, came

after his death, into the hands of Mr. Dyson.

The rank which Akenside holds among the English classics is principally owing to his didactic poem on the "Pleasures of the Imagination," a work finished at three-and-twenty, and which his after performances never equalled. Its foundation is the elegant and even poetical papers on the same subject by Addison, in the Spectator; but he has so expanded the plan, and enriched the illustrations from the stores of philosophy and poetry, that it would be injurious to deny him the claims of an original writer. No poem of so elevated and abstracted a kind was so popular. It went through several editions soon after its appearance, and is still read with enthusiasm by those who have acquired a relish for the lofty conceptions of pure poetry, and the strains of numerous blank verse. Its merit, and that of the writer, have probably never been so well appreciated as by Mrs. Barbauld, in an essay prefixed to an ornamented edition of his poem, published by Cadell and Davies, in 1795. We shall copy part of the summary with which it concludes.

"If the genius of Akenside is to be estimated from this poem, it will be found to be lofty and elegant, chaste, correct and classical; not marked with strong traits of originality, not ardent nor exuberant. His enthusiasm was rather of that kind which is kindled by reading, and imbibing the spirit of authors, than by contemplating at first hand the works of nature. As a versifier Akenside is allowed to stand amongst those who have given the most finished models of blank verse. His periods are long but harmonious, the cadences fall with grace, and the measure is supported with uniform dignity. His muse possesses the mein erect, and high commanding gait. We shall scarcely find a low or trivial expression introduced, a careless and unfinished line permitted to stand. His stateliness, however, is somewhat allied to stiffness. His verse is sometimes feeble through too rich a redundency of ornament, and sometimes laboured into a degree of obscurity from too anxious a desire of avoiding natural and simple expressions."

The author was known to have been employed many years in correcting or rather new-modeling this work. The unfinished draught of it this new plan, which he left behind him, seems to render it probable that it would have lost as much in poetry as it would have gained in philosophy.

Of his other pieces, the "Hymn to the Naiads," also in blank verse, is the longest and best. With the purest spirit of classical literature, it contains much mythological ingenuity, and many poetical ideas beautifully expressed. With respect to his lyric productions, their copiousness and elevation of thought does not compensate for their total want of grace, ease and appropriate harmony. They are cold, stiff and affected. They do not appear ever to have been great favourites with the public, and are not likely ever to become so. The only sparks of animation they exhibit are when they touch on political topics.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE CONDUCT OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

As I have a just honour for the truly rational and virtuous state of matrimony, which, to consider it merely as a political institution, I look upon to be the best scheme for morals, posterity and mutual happiness, that could possibly be contrived; I shall, by way of comparison between a married and a libertine life, shew the advantages that a mistress has over a wife; not with the least design of giving a preference to the former, but by way of assisting the latter to form certain rules for her own conduct.

Men have been often said to be fonder, and more under the influence of mistresses, than of wives; and in general, I believe this observation true, for the following reasons:

They are apt to flatter themselves that women seldom sacrifice their chastity, except to love alone; and so become the fond dupes of their own too credulous vanity.

The lover's stay is short, he leaves his mistress with regret, which urges quick return.

Their whole time is passed in meeting and parting intervals; the tenderest moments of a lover's life.

She fond, and he grateful; mutual conferring and receiving favours, the strongest cement of endearing affections.

No joint property or common interest between them, from whence domestic strife too often arises.

The part a mistress has to act is short, so that less merit and address may enable her to perform it with applause: The mistress exhibits herself only on the stage, the wife is seen in the green-room.

She adjusts her dress, looks and behaviour, for the appointed hour: A watch may go very well for an evening, that might lose time in the whole day.

A mistress lessens her power as she approaches to a wife. A person once told me, that he had quitted one, whom he was then fond of, because she became so interfering and domineering, that he began to find no difference between her and a wife—except the sin.

In short, the economy of matrimony on the wife's part, should be to imitate the manners of a mistress, in order to preserve her empire. A friend of mine, speaking to me one day about his wife, assured me that she was unlike one in every particular, save economy and modesty, that if a law should happen to be framed to abolish marriage, he would court her again for a mistress.

On the other hand—husbands should be also careful to keep up a spirit of gallantry towards their wives, in order to preserve on both sides, that elegant bond of union, politeness and fond sensations. They should avoid that careless and slovenly air, which men are too apt indulge themselves in after marriage; they should even dress for them with as much attention as when they were lovers; for chastity is no preservative against disgust, and tho' virtue alone may insure a wife's fidelity, it must be the husband's merit that can retain her affections. How unspirited, how indelicate an obligation is duty sole!

Surely, a wife is an object worthy of les petits soins, as well as of the greater duties, and it is by these lesser assiduities, a constant attention, and little offices, though all trifling in themselves, that a sincere passion manifests itself more than by the highest acts of liberality and kindness; for love, contrary to every other passion, shews itself more in small things than in great ones.

Whenever persons begin to betray indifference towards these lesser cares, one may venture to pronounce that their tenderness will long survive; for this delicate sentiment, like chastity, is forfeited totally by the first slip; it is a religion, a failure in the slightest branch, is a breach of the whole, and injured in the most distant part, like Achilles wounded in the heel, it languishes—it expires.—

In fine, I shall conclude with this admirable advice of St. Paul, "That those who are married should be as those that are not."

FANNY MORTIMER.

Light and airy passed the days of the youth of Fanny Mortimer. The fine glow of innocence and health mantled on her cheek, and cheerfulness and gaity prankt it in her roguish eye. She was as happy as the day was long, and often from the grey blush of the morning, until the sun streaked the west with his fires, did the woods which embowered the cottage of her father, echo with her song. Her heart knew not what it was

to sigh, and her eye was unconscious of a tear, except when the tale of real or imaginary woe, called them forth from the source of sensibility. Thus in primitive simplicity did her hours glide on in happiness. She knew no pleasure greater than that of listening to the cooing of the wood-pigeon, which she had saved from the talons of the kite, or of decorating with garlands the lamb she had rescued from the stream. But alas! she was not long permitted to remain in the paths of innocence and peace. Her beauties caught the eye of the seducer; his blandishments prevailed, and with an aching heart, the unsuspecting Fanny Mortimer was lured from the home of her parents, to the haunts of infamy and vice.

Fanny, simple as she was, could perceive that the gaiety which surrounded her was all hollow; she felt it so herself, and wept incessantly, and deplored her departure from the easy path of rectitude. Her seducer, cloyed with possession, and tired with her tears, abandoned her, on the point of becoming a mother, to that fate which she concluded could not now be distant. He left her destitute, and as a last resource she was forced to set out on foot for her native place, there to throw herself at the feet of her father, and implore forgiveness. If this were denied, she saw no other alternative than that of laying herself in the parish poor house, and there give birth to the little being, which, though it would serve to perpetuate her infamy, she could not help loving with all a mother's fondness.

She travelled slowly, for her burthen was heavy, but her heart was still heavier. It was late at night as she arrived at her paternal home. A melancholy foreboding struck into her soul as she perceived the garden wicket open, and every thing going to ruin and decay. She entered; there was no light in the lower rooms; a cold chill ran through her veins; she knocked; no answer was returned; she called upon her father, and all was yet still. The dreadful certainty now could no longer be doubted; she had sent the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave.

Faint, and broken hearted, she left the cottage, which had once been the abode of innocence and virtue. The night was wild and stormy; the cold rains pelted her with pitiless fury:—yet still, mindless of her situation, she walked forwards unheeding whither she went. She had crossed the common, and had taken the opposite way to that which led to the village; after proceeding for some time, unconscious where, she perceived she had lost herself, and knew not in what part of the country she was. Death unto her appeared not dreadful; to her it was the minister of comfort, for she was wearied of the world, but she wished to live for the sake of her babe which she bore in in her womb. She continued, therefore, walking forward, hoping to find some cottage where she might rest for the night. A light now struck her eyes, and following it up, though on the point of sinking at every step with fatigue, she came within sight of the hut from whence it proceeded. Hope now lent her vigor; she paced down the hill as quick as her weariness would permit her.—She was within a hundred paces of the cottage, when her strength failed her, and she sunk on the ground. She was unable to rise. The rain rushed in torrents down the hill, and the blast whistled among the trees. Fanny moaned for some time. Mixed with the confused tones of the wind, her moan reached the ears of the cotters. 'Tis the spirit of the night which howls, said they, as fearfully they drew their chairs nearer the blazing hearth; and still at every response, did they deprecate the demon of the storm. Fanny did not moan long, for the angel of death appeared, and bore her afflicted spirit to the regions of rest.

The next day her corpse was carried to the village and buried. They did not lay her by the side of her father, for he had died sternly disowning her. She lies beneath the aldar on the west side of the church, the place appointed for the burial of paupers.

The village girls did not deck her grave with flowers, nor bind down the turf with oziers, yet here the wild lily and the snow-drop, emblems of her once spotless purity, love to bloom, and the love-lorn nightingale and throstle build their nests, and warble through the foliage which shades the cold sod under which poor Fanny Mortimer once more tastes of peace in the forgetful sleep of death.

H. K. W.

—

VERSES BY THE LATE MR. ADDISON.

Secluded from the world, oh let me dwell
With contemplation in this lonely cell;
By mortal eye unseen, I will explore
The various works of nature's bounteous store;
Revisit oft each flower, whose blossom fair
With fragrant sweets perfume the ambient air;
Pry into every shrub, and mark its way,
From birth to growth, from growth to sure decay:
Or else with humble thoughts my eyes I'll bend,
And view the near resemblance of my end.
Then think of death, and of eternal adys,
Learn how to die, my Maker how to praise;
All ways despise that draw my mind from this;—
Thus strive to gain an endless age of bliss.

—

BEAUTY.—BY AKENSIDE

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
An angel innocence refines,
The tendernes of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildness rage controul;
Diffusing wildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arspacia's face,
And read it perfect there.

—

ON KISSING.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing;
May his soul be in Heav'n; he deserv'd it sure,
Who was first the inventor of *kissing*.

Master Adam I very well think was the man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd—
Well, since the *sweet* game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last!

—

Who censures with modesty, will praise with sincerity.

A FRAGMENT.

Os dignum æternonitidum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare deum cui sordida monstra
Prætulit, et liquidam tam craret crimine vocem.

PRUDENTIUS.

Passing through an obscure street of the metropolis, I observed a croud assembled round the door of a mean habitation; an auctioneer was performing the duty of his function, to satisfy the demand of a clamatous landlord. "This chest," vociferated the man, once belonged to an author: my curiosity was excited.—"Look at this article, sir; whoever is the purchaser of this, will doubtless become the possessor of learning:" he at the same time raised the lid, and produced a bundle of manuscripts. "Five shillings—no more than five shillings? 'Tis yours sir, with all the wit it contains; retail it to the world—you have *paid* for it, and it is *all your own*."

When I had an opportunity of examining the chest, at my lodgings, to my disappointment, I discovered the copy of a work to be found on the shelves of every circulating library, I felt for the insult to society, and threw all the manuscripts in the fire. A few leaves, however, arrested my attention; they appeared to be the author's memoirs. I snatched them from the flames, and the moral with which they seemed replete was their preservative from oblivion: as little did I think of finding so valuable a relic amidst such trash, as an uncontaminated mind amidst the avowed sons of dissipation.

"Reader,—If the pages of fiction yield thee delight, if thou seek the acquaintance of fancy's wild and mishapen forms, in preference to the heroes of history and truth, listen to the words of experience—they may afford thee an useful lesson."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Here the narrator informs us of his name and family; these, and a few other unimportant circumstances, I have omitted.

"At school, I well remember with what avidity I perused the works in which true pleasure and instruction were combined; the exploits of Alexander, the noble patriotism of Cato, the history of my native country, excited an interest grateful and beneficial. But alas! in an evil hour a *novel* recommended by a fellow-student, engaged my attention. Like wine, it intoxicated and impaired my more reasonsble faculties; that laudable emotion was bartered for an artificial interest.

"My education finished—I recant that inadequate phrase—the seeds of my destruction sown, my father placed me in a mercantile situation, with many advantages of future success. My ledger awhile prevented my recourse to other books; still I resolved that a thorough knowledge of business shoul be succeeded by that of *useful* literature. An incident, let it be deemed by no means trivial, frustrated these good intentions; the daily report of a very interesting novel, awakened my former passion. I perused it with peculiar delight; my attention to the counting-house considerably lessened; my attendance on the circulating libraries become most frequent, and

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Here the fire had seized the leaf in a perpendicular direction; hence the narrative is unfortunately cut short at the most important crisis—the commencement of a love story. Anxious, however, for the information of your fair readers, whose feelings the event may more immediately occupy, I have obtained information, from the remainder of the manuscript, that the hero, like Sylvester Daggerwood, "formed a romantic attachment"—to a millner. It also appears that he calmly braved the remonstrances of "cruel parents," and dutifully married her.

"Friends forsook me; my father, exasperated at my misconduct, and unwilling that the younger branches of his family should witness the encouragment of such an example, enclosed a small sum, to supply my present necessities, and discarded me for ever. My late idleness had incensed the merchant under whom I might have retained an honourable and lucrative situation; he expelled me from his counting-house with disgrace. I hired a mean apartment, and commenced scribbler. I produced a NOVEL, confessed to abound with sentiment and sensibility, but which, pursued upon the plan of other works of a similar description, contained the most infamous doctrines of new philosophy, was interlarded with obscenity—was charged with deadly poison, This prostitute of my brain I ushered into that brothel for the mind, a—Modern circulating Library! My hand trembles at the self accusation. Should this book be exhibited at the great day of account—fall on me ye mountains; hide me from the just wrath of heaven; let not this damning proof of guilt appear against me!

"Poverty surrounds us; my wifes's romantic spirit could little brook the dreary scene that daily presented itself. My LAST shilling I gave her to purchase food. She went, but never to return! The most diligent search was fruitless: all night I bathed my pillow with tears in agony for her absence. The morning cleared up the mystery—this letter arrived, to blast me with its contents:—

"SIR,

The prospects I had formed, when I consented to give you my hand, are unrealised. Destitute of the means to afford me the situation to which every woman of enlightened understanding must necessarily aspire, I have taken a refuge from poverty in the arms of Captain B——. An unprejudiced mind like yours, will easily perceive the reasons that have influenced me to take this step. At the altar, it is true, I promised to love you. Can the heart be susceptible of this tender passion for a man incapable of screening it from the craving demands of hunger? I am unable to rebel against nature; she has rid me of a promise which odious custom alone sanctions. Adieu,

HARRIOT."

"Oh Harriot! could I have expected this! Modern Philosophy! to thy infernal principles I owe my wretchedness The world grows hateful to my sight. Welcome the deadly phial!

Be thou my passport to the world unknown—
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

My resolution wavers; at the dismal prespect of eternity I shudder! I know that tortures endless and unutterable await me."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The following appears to have been written immediately before the writer finished his earthly career.

"Reader,—the deed is done! He who now addresses thee is quitting this world for ever: soon must he appear before the awful tribunal of heaven, to receive his sentence from an all-righteous judge, and his works shall follow him. His memory will be the ridicule of this world, but the pity of those who knew him. Harriot! mistaken girl! I dread to think upon thy fate: though surrounded by the thoughtless devotees of pleasure, let thy husband's remains claim one sigh—I ask no more. The poison gives me dreadful warning! I dare not sue for mercy, and fear to meet that Providence I have so basely injured.

"Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threatning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!"

B H. BERTI.

EUGENIO.

(Concluded from page 188.)

"I have given you, my only love, the clearest account I can, in my present broken state of mind, of that philosophy which seems to be your envy. It may impose, when contemplated by others; but I am acquainted with its weakness. I know its weakness sufficiently, my dearest Amelia, not to trust it in your presence any more. Since it is thy melancholy resolution to think no more of our marriage: since the serenity of your mind, I will not say the felicity depends upon the adherence to your first vows; since you claim me as the protector against yourself; I will execute your wishes to the utmost of my power, by withdrawing myself for ever from those dear eyes and renouncing for ever the unspeakable delight of hearing thy lips declare how much you love your poor Eugenio.

After the confession I have made you of my mental imbecility, you will no longer envy me the advantages of this useless philosophy. The little cultivation it has received, has been only since I retreated to this tranquil spot, and conversed with my trees and flowers. The tissue of disappointments which make up the history of my life had so blunted my hopes and anxieties, that, before my eyes met thine, I was lost to all the ordinary cares and interests of life, and considered nothing with any concern but the regards of an awful futurity, which has ever been present to my thoughts. Still, however, as it has since been fatally proved, I was sufficiently open to the passion of love: nor was it possible for any state of mind to be more favourable to its attacks than that in which I first saw thee, my Amelia.

Passions, I have said before, are for the most part only to be conquered by counter passions; and my mind, in that dear unhappy hour in which we first met, was in that state of nerveless apathy which afforded no opposing tendencies to resist the emotions to which I felt myself yielding. The progress of my passion was like the march of an enemy through an unfortified country; every thing gave way without a blow, and the proud yoke of the new master was supinely received. Such have been my habits, such the state of my passions, and such the force of my philosophy. Does Amelia envy Eugenio now? Then talk not to me of such resources, but dwell rather on the pensive consolation in addressing to the Almighty my prayers for thy peace, and in thinking over those moments when we meet together in these groves from which I now write, and concerted our connubial plans of happiness: moments buried in the grave of time, or that have taken the wings of eternity, and await us in the regions far above this scene of sorrows.

But alas! what real consolations are these? It easy for the mind, to which grief is a stranger, to talk of pleasing regrets and the pleasures of melancholy; but trust me, there are none of these holiday feelings in genuine sadness. Often, indeed when our melancholy impressions have left us, still the habit of repining, and the parade of grief will remain, which being perfectly consistent with pleasureable sensations have induced refined or affected tempers to confound sentiments, which are exclusive of each other, in the cant and contradictory phrase of a pleasing melancholy. There is no such trifling as this in the sorrow I feel for thy loss, my dearest Amelia. You are, indeed, right in your notions of love; it must have all or nothing, and what once was love can never become friendship. As hope is swallowed up in faith, so friendship is lost in love; love can only respire in that air, and beyond those limits in which friendship cannot exist. We must, we must part, dearest and best of women, never more to exchange looks, or smiles, or vows in this world. Forgive the pusillanimity of my mind my dearest love: I did intend to write with more apparent tranquillity, to spare your gentle spirits more and not to swell your sorrows with my own, and yet I could not bear that you should suppose me tranquil or capable of diverting my thoughts from thee by the poor resources of a cold philosophy. Amelia and Eugenio must be coupled together in my prayers or I shall want animation for the exercise even of devotion. God preserve thee, my sweetest Angel, and repay thee thy sufferings and sacrifices on earth with unperishing rewards in heaven. Adieu.

EUGENIO."

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mathematical studies have a strange influence towards fixing the attention of the mind, and giving a steadiness to a wandering disposition, because they deal much in lines, figures and numbers, which affect and please the imagination. Histories have a strong tendency the same way; for they engage the soul by a variety of sensible occurrences! when it has begun, it knews not how to leave off; it longs to know the final event through a natural curiosity that belongs to mankind. Voyages and travels and accounts of strange countries and strage appearances will assist in this work. This sort of study detains the mind by the perpetual occurrence and expectation of something new, and that which may gratefully strike the imagination.

Where two duties seem to stand in opposition to each other, and we cannot practise both, the less must give way to the greater, and the omission of the less not improper. So ceremonial laws give way to moral.

The following beautiful description of a Hamlet is from the masterly and fanciful pen of Thomas Warton:

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
While nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.
For then the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er the glimm'ring hearth they share:
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet down,
No trophied canopies to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;

Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honeyed flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

—

Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;
Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips whose touch is to be bought with life!
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
All the possest are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

—

Youth is wild and licentious. In those years we persuade ourselves that we are only making a just use of liberty. In that scene of folly we are light and vain, and set no bounds to the frolic humour; yet we fancy it is merely an innocent gaiety of heart, which belongs to the spring of nature, and the blooming hours of life. In the age of manhood, a rugged or a haughty temper is angry or quarrelsome; the fretful and the peevish in elder years, if not before, are ever kindling into passion or resentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful conduct a mere necessary reproof of the indignities which were offered them by the world. Self-love is fruitful of fine names for its own iniquities. Others are sordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uncompassionate and cruel to the miserable; and yet they take this vile practice to be only a just exercise of frugality, and a dutiful care of their own houshold. Thus, every vice that belongs to us, is construed into a virtue: and, if there are any shadows or appearances of virtue upon us, these poor appearances and shadows are magnified and realised into the divine qualities of an angel. We, who pass these just censures on the follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same things in ourselves, by the influence of the same native principle of flattery and self fondness. So blind are we to our own imperfections.

There are some persons who never arrive at any deep, solid, or valuable knowledge, in any science, or any business of life, because they are perpetually fluttering over the surface of things, in a curious or wandering search of infinite variety; ever hearing, reading, or asking something new, but impatient of any labour to lay up and preserve the ideas they have gained: their souls may be compared to a looking-glass, that wheresoever you turn it, it receives the images of all objects, but retains none.

—

It is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth's decree;
It is a gift from Heaven sent,
Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the monarch's crown,
Tho' he'd give millions for't:
It dwells not in his Lordship's frown,
Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

—

Few persons are exempted from the tongue of slander. Though the virtues of man may obtain general encomium, yet some will always be found ready to discover flaws in his character. Lucien has illustrated this propensity in the following words:—"There is no more effectual instrument of calumny than the love of novelty, which is natural to all mankind, joined to the disgust arising from satiety and a passion for the marvellous and incredible: add to this, that we are all fond, I know not why, of listening to private suspicions which are whispered to us. I know many whose ears itch with calumny; as if their ears were tickled with a feather. No wonder that with such assistance she persuades all, especially where she is in no danger of being confronted. The calumniated, like a city taken by night, are slain in their sleep."

Mr. Roberts has given us a whimsical elucidation of the above remarks of Lucien: he says, "A certain widow, though pretty much advanced in life had a mind to marry again. As her fortune was very large, she thought herself entitled to a young husband; and accordingly fixed her eyes upon a handsome youth, who had nothing but his personal recommendations to depend upon. She plainly perceived that there would be no difficulty on his part, but she dreaded the censure and ridicule of her neighbours. In this perplexity, she communicated her wishes and alarms to a maiden sister, who lived in her house, and who possessed an uncommon share of shrewdness and address for all such occasions. "Sister, says the amorous widow, "what think you of Leander! it is surely the picture of my late husband! Alas! I should never have yielded my heart but to this irresistible resemblance. What shall I do? for I am in a dreadful consternation about what my neighbours may say of me, being well acquainted with their malice and cruelty:—the purest love is not sheltered from their ill-natured ridicule. Were it not for that this dear young man should—but—" "How absurd is all this, my dear sister!" replied the other. "Follow your inclinations, and don't tell me of such foolish fears. You will be sung, hooted, hallowed after, and chalked up for eight days;—on the ninth, they will think no more of you than one thinks of a friend one has quitted for three months. That Ass which you see yonder, shall, if you please, impose silence on the whole parish about you the morning after your nuptials." "That Ass!" "Yes, that Ass. Marry, I say, and leave the rest to me and the Ass." The widow was easily persuaded, and the marriage was concluded, on the credit of the Ass. Dreadful outcry in the parish—rough music before their doors—not a soft thing could be heard from the mouth of either party for the noise of kettles and frying-pans. In the mean time the sister had painted the Ass as green as a parrot; and out rushed the phænomenon, with a triumphant bray, into the midst of the crowd. In an instant every kettle and pan was mute, and every soul in the parish crouded round so strange a prodigy. "A green Ass! Good heavens, who could have believed it! Well wonders will never cease. How surprising is nature in all her operations! "I dreamed," cries an old woman, "of this very ass a week ago. I am sure it betokeneth some bad to our town. A number of white mice appeared in the same manner just before the plague that happened in my youth." Such observations and exclamations as these took place of the clamour about the new-married couple. The green Ass lasted its eight days, and then there was no more curiosity about the green Ass than there had been about the new married couple the moment the ass appeared.

—

Argue in such a manner as may give a natural distinct and solid knowledge of things to your hearers, as well as to force their assent by a mere proof of the question.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Elegiac Acrostic on the late lamented General Washington.

Where art thou now, Columbia's wonted boast?
Are all thy well earn'd laurels ever lost?
Sleeps in the dust our once victorious chief?
His country's sighs express a heart felt grief.
In peace, in war, our WASHINGTON has prov'd
Not more the hero fear'd than statesman lov'd:
Give then, Americans, remembrance due
To him who liv'd, who fought, who bled for you!
Oh! let his counsels guide the helm of state,
Ne'er then shall evil be the people's fate.

LUCIUS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I enclose you "The slighted Maid," one of the most pleasing pieces found in the productions of the Rev. Mr. Browne. The feelings of this writer (says his biographer) were susceptible of the most lively impressions, and every species of suffering to which human or inferior nature is subject, found a sympathetic chord in his bosom. In the ensuing stanzas a forsaken damsel is supposed to hear the village bells announce her perfidious lover's marriage.

yours,

T. L.

The bells that from yon distant tow'r,
So jocund, Damon's marriage tell,
Tho' now they hail his blissful hour,
Will soon proclaim my funeral knell:
Ah! Damon, ere thy flatt'ring tale
My unsuspicious nature won,
I gaily sung o'er hill and dale,
Blithe as the bird that hails the sun.

Amidst the hymeneal train
Ah! should it to thy ear be borne,—
Thy slighted nymph along the plain
Strays, wretched rover! all forlorn:—
Say, will a gentle struggling sigh
Escape amid the festive scene?
Will memory's retrospective eye
Look back on days that once have been?

When roving o'er the hallow'd ground,
Encircled all with mournful yew:
Should the green sod that clasps me round
Obtrusive catch thy careless view:
Say, as thou gazst on my dust,
With conscious feelings wilt thou glow?
And to thy once-lov'd Anna just,
Will pity's glistening current flow?
Ah, no! in earth's cold bosom laid,
Let me, unwept, forgotten, lie;
Nor tho' 'twould soothe my lonely shade,
Bestow on me one single sigh—
'Twould wrong the fair, the happy bride,
Whom kinder fates have join'd to the;
Be then that last sad claim denied,
And never once reflect on me.

JOHANNIS SECUNDI BASIUM III.

Desiderium irritatum, vel os fugitivum.

Da mihi suaviolum (dicebam) blanda puella,
Libasti labris mox mea labra tuis.
Inde velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul.
Non hoc suaviolum est dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

TRANSLATION.

One honey'd kiss, sweet wench, I cried,
And quick as thought thy lips complied;
But swift, as there some serpent lay,
Those swelling lips thou took'st away.
Ah, call not this a kiss! 'twas none—
And only makes me long for one!

LOUISA, THE LADY OF THE HAYSTACK,

Who lately died in a public Hospital.

Among the fair, Louisa shone
The brightest of the village train,
Her eyes surpass'd the morning gem
That sparkles on the dewy plain;
But ah! she sought the lonely shades,
Near weeping willows would she stray,
And vain was ev'ry gentle art,
To lure the lovely prize away.

Full many a swain with grief beheld
The frequent tear of sorrow flow;
Full many a bosom sigh'd to hear
Those sighs that spoke HER bosom's woe;
But no consoling tongue could calm
The plaintive wildness of her lay;
And vain was friendship's gentle voice,
To charm the lovely prize away.

Ah! mourn, ye swains! ye maidens weep!
The boast of beauty, now is o'er;
The pink her pallid lip forsakes,
And roses paint her cheek no more.
The latent anguish of her breast,
(No more control'd by mortal clay;)
Its feeble confines burst—and Death
Then bore the lovely prize away.

S.

MAY, AN ODE.

——Jovis omnia plena. VIRGIL.

Bright in verdure, gaily smiling,
May trips lightly o'er the plains,
Thousand beauties time beguiling,
Wanton in her rosy train.

Nature all her charms discloses,
Fields in lively colours bloom,
Golden cowslips, pale primroses,
Spread around a rich perfume.

From the whiten'd hawthorn bushes,
And on each emblossom'd spray,
Mellow blackbirds, warbling thrushes,
Carol forth the tuneful lay.

Milky lambkins, harmless sporting,
Frolic o'er the dewy lawn,
Ringdoves in the thickets courting,
Cooing usher in the dawn.

Music sweetly round us flowing,
Earth and air in concert move,
Ev'ry breast with rapture glowing,
Lost in ecstacy of love.

Thus in Eden's blissful station
Swell'd the universal theme,
Beauty smil'd—and all creation
Sung the praise of God supreme.

Scenes of wonder daily rising,
Widely scatter'd o'er this clod,
Say with eloquence surprising,
Nature's self is full of God.

NICHOLSON

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'K' will perceive what is 'Henry's Fate.'

'Frank Damoiseau' shall appear in our next.

Several poetic pieces received shall meet the earliest attention.

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